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BY BRET HARTE,

AUTHOR OF "THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP, "TALES OF THE ALGONAUTS," "IN THE CARQUINEY WOODS," "MARNJA," ETC.

CHAPTER VII. When the door closed on Rupert the master pulled down the blind, and trimming his lamp, tried to compose himself by reading. Outside, the "Great Day for Indian Spring" was slowly evaporating in pale mists from the river, and the celebration itself spasmodically taking flight here and there in Roman candles and rockets. An occasional outbreak from revelers in the bar-room below, a stumbling straggler along the planked sidewalk before the hotel only seemed to intensify the rustic stillness. For the future of Indian Spring was still so remote that natpre intensibly reinvested its boundaries on the elighest relaxation of civic influence, and Mr. Ford lifted his head from the glowing columns of the "Star" to listen to the far-off yelp of a

coyote on the opposite shore. He was also conscious of the recurrence of that vague, pleasurable recollection, so indefinite that, when he sought to identify it with anything-even the finding of the myrtle sprays on his desk-it evaded him. He tried to work, with the same interruption. Then an uneasy sensation that he had not been sufficiently kind to Rupert in his foolish love troubles remorsefully seized him. A half pathetic, half-humorous picture of the miserable Rupert stargering under the double burden of his eleeping brother and a misplaced affection, or possibly abandoning the one or both in the nearest ditch in a reckless abyes of boyish frenzy and fleeing his home forever, rose before his eyes. He seized his hat with the intention of seeking him-or forgetting him in some other occupation by the way. For Mr. Ford had the sensitive conscience of many imaginative peopie; an unfailing monitor, it was always calling his whole moral being into play to evade it. As he crossed the passage he came upon Mrs. Tripp hooded and elaborately attired in a white ball dress, which, however, did not, to his own fancy, become her as well as her ordinary costaine. He was passing her with a bow, when she said, with a complacent consciousness of her

"Aren't you going to the ball to night?" He remembered then that "an opening ball" at the court house was a part of the celebration. 'No," he said smiling; "but it is a pity that Kuburt couldn't have seen you in your charming Bray."

"Rupert," said the lady with a slightly coguettish laugh; "you have made him as much a woman-hater as yourself. I offered to take him in our party, and he ran away to you." She pansed, and giving him a furtive, critical glance mid, with an easy mingling of confidence and audacity, "Why don't you go? Nobody'll hurt

"I am not so sure of that," replied Mr. Ford, gallantly. "There's the melancholy enample of Rupert always before me."

Mrs. Tripp tossed her chignon and descended a step of the stairs. "You'd better go," she continued, looking up over the balusters. "You an look on if you can't dance."

Now Mr. Ford could dance, and it so chanced

rather well, too. With this consciousness he remained standing in half-indignant hesitation on the landing as she disappeared. Why shouldn't he go! It was true he had half tacitly acquiesced in the reserve with which he had been treated and had never mingled socially in the gatherings of either sex at Indian Springbut that was no reason. He could at least dress himself, walk to the court-house and-look on. Any black coat and white shirt was suffisiently de riguer for Indian Spring. Mr. Ford added the superfluous elegance of a forgotten

white waistcoat. When he reached the sidewalk it was only 9 o'clock, but the windows of the court-house were already flaring like a stranded steamer on the barren bank where it had struck. On the way thither he was once or twice tempted to change his mind, and hesitated even at the very door. But the fear that his besitation would be noticed by the few loungers before it, and the fact that some of them were already hesitating through bashfulness, determined him to enter. The clerk's office and judges' chambers on the

lower floor had been invaded by wraps, shawls and refreshments, but the dancing was reserved for the upper floor or court-room, still unfinished. Flags, laurel wreaths and appropriate floral inscriptions bid its bare walls; but the judges' dais with i's illimitable golden sunset, its triumphant goddess and its implacable crizzly seemed to figuratively typify the occawas close and crowded. The flickering candles in tin sconces against the walls or depending in rude chandelters of barrel hoops from the ceiling, lit up the most astounding diversity of female costume the master bad ever seen. Gowns of bygone fashions, creased and stained with packing and disuse, toilets of forgotten festivity revised with modern additions; carments in and out of season, a fur-trimmed jacket and a tulle skirt, a velvet robe under a pique sacque; fresh young faces beneath faded head-dresses, and mature and buxom charms in virgin white. The small space cleared for the dancers was continually invaded by the lookers-on, who, in files

of three deep, lined the room. As the master pushed his way to the front, a young girl, who had been standing in the sides of a quadrille, suddenly darted, with a nymphlike quickness, among the crowd, and was for an instant hidden. Without distinguishing either face or figure, Mr. Ford recognized in the quick, impetuous action a characteristic movement of Cressy's; with an embarrassing instruct that he could not account for, he knew she had seen him, and that for some inexplicable reason he was the cause of her sudden disappearance.

But it was only for a moment. Even while

he was vaguely scanning the crowd she reappeared, and took her piace Beside her mystified partner-the fascinating stranger of Johnny's he had never seen her so beautiful. All that he had thought distasteful and incongruous in her were but accessories of her loveliness at that moment, in that light, in that atmosphere, in that strange assembly. Even her full pink gauze dress, from which her fair young shoulders slipped as from a sunset cloud seemed only the perfection of virginal simplicity; her girlish length of limb and the long surves of her neck and back were now the outlines of thorough breeding. The absence of color in her usually fresh face had been replaced by a faint magnetic aurora that seemed to him half spiritual. He could not take his eyes from her; he could not believe what he saw. Yet that was Cressy McKinstry-his pupil. Had be ever really seen her! Did he know her now! Small wonder that all eyes were bent upon her, that a nurmur of unspoken admiration or still more ntense hush of silence moved the people around addly relieved by this evident participation in

She was dancing now, and with that same pale restraint and curious quiet that had afected him so strongly. She had not even looked in his direction, yet he was aware by the same | ing flash of consciousness are changed to an instinct that had at first possessed him that she | altar, seen dimly through the bridal veil that knew he was present. His desire to catch her eye was becoming mingled with a certain dread, as if in a single interchange of glances the illusion of the moment would either vanish utterly or become irrevocably fixed. He forced himself, when the set was finished, to turn away. partly to avoid contact with some acquaintances who had drifted before him, and whom politeness would have obliged him to ask to dance. and partly to collect his thoughts. He deternined to make a tour of the rooms and then go quietly home. Those who recognized him made way for him with passive curiosity; the middlesged and older adding a confidential sympathy and equality that positively irritated him. For an instant he had an idea of seeking out Mrs. Tripp and claiming her as a partner, merely to show her that he danced.

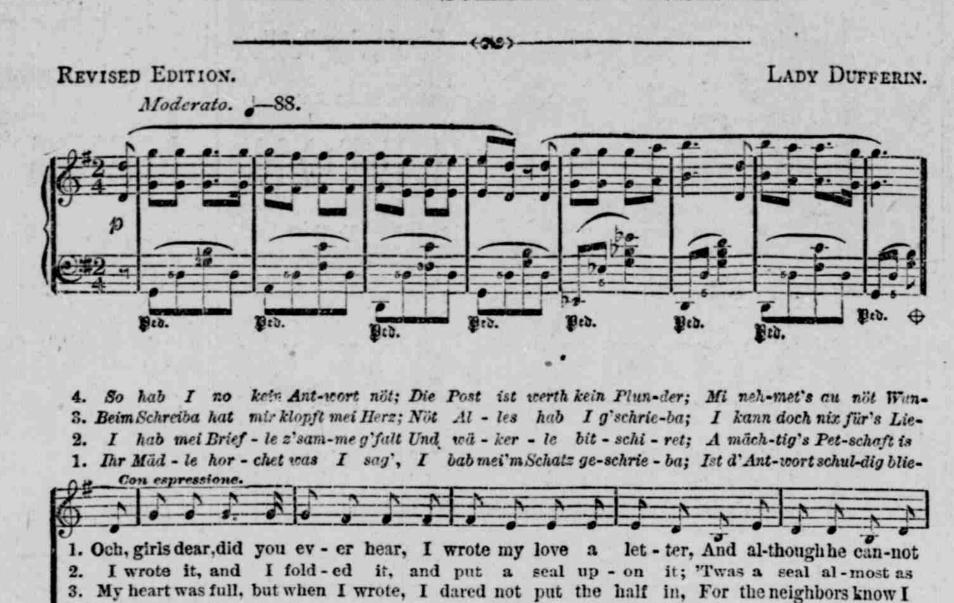
He had nearly made the circuit of the room when he was surprised by the first strains of a waltz. Waltzing was not a strong feature of Indian Spring festivity, partly that the church people had serious doubts if David's saltatory performances before the ark included 'round tances," and partly that the young had not yet mastered its difficulties. When he yielded to his impulse to look again at the dancers he found that only three or four couples had been bold enough to take the floor. Cressy McKinstry and her former partner were one of them. in his present exaltation he was not astonished to find that she had evidently picked up the art in her late visit, and was now waltzing with quiet grace and precision, but he was surprised that her partner was far from being perfect, and that after a few turns she stopped and smilingly disengaged her waist from As she stepped back

she turned with unerring instinct to that part of the room where the master stood and raised her eyes through the multitude of admiras supreme as if they had been alone. It was an attract on the more dangerous because unformulated - a possession without previous pledge, pressise, or even intention-a love that

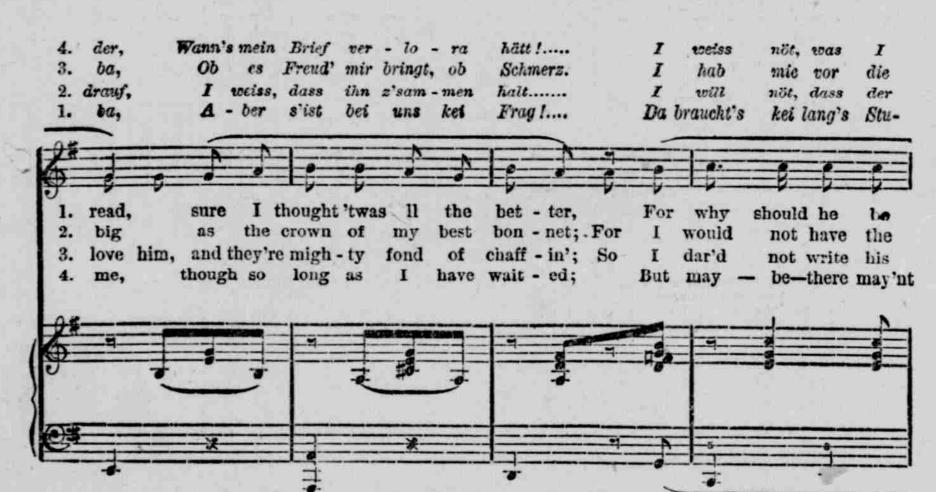
did not require to be "made." He approached her quietly and even more | back with some vaguely aggressive instinct, but coolly than he thought possible. "Will you allow | the young man had disappeared. With this in-She looked in his face, as if she had not | and Hiram McKinstry, standing among the

## I wrote my Love a Letter.

I HAB MEI'M SCHATZ GESCHRIEBA.



4. Now girls would you be - lieve it, that post - man so con - sa - ted, No an - swer will he bring



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am lan - ge Schwei - ga; S'st wahr, mein Schatz hat frei-

heard the question, but was following her own thought, said, "I knew you would come; I saw you when you first came in." Without another word she put her hand in his, and as if it were part of an instinctive action of drawing closer to him, caught with her advancing foot the accent of the waltz, and the next moment the room seemed to slip away from them into whirl-

The whole thing had passed so rapidly from the moment be approached her to the first graceful swing of her full skirt at his side, that it seemed to him almost like the embrace of a lovers' meeting. He had often been as near her before, had stood at her side at school, and even leaned over her desk, but always with an iratated instinct of reserve that had equally affected her, and which he now understood. With her conscious but pale face so near his own, with the faint odor of her bair elinging to her, and, with the sweet confusion of the half-lingering, half-withheld contact of her hand and arm, all had changed. He did not dare to reflect that he could never again approach her except with this feeling. He did not dare to think of anything; he abandoned himself to the sense that had begun with the invasion of her hair-bound myrtle in the silent school-room, seemed to have at last led her his arms. They were moving now in such perfect rhythm and unison that they seemed scarcely conscious of motion. Once when they neared the open window he caught a glimpse of the round moon rising above the solemn heights of the opposite shore, and felt the cool breath of mountain and river sweep his cheek and mingle a few escaped threads of her fair hair with his own. With that glimpse and that sensation the volgarity and the tawdriness I their surroundings, the guttering their sconces, the bizarre figures, the unmeaning faces seemed to be whirled far into distant space. They were alone with night and nature; it was they who were still; all else had receded in a vanishing perspective of dull reality, in which they had no part.

Play on, O waltz of Strauss! Whirl on, O love and youth! For you cannot whirl so swiftly but that this receding world will return again with narrowing circle to hem you in. Faster, O cracked ciarionet! Londer, O, too brazen bassoon! Keep back, O dull and earthy environment, till master and pupil have dreamed their foolish dream!

They are in fancy, alone on the river bank only the round moon above them and their linked shadows faintly fluttering in the stream. They have drawn so closely together now that her arm is encircling his neck, her soft eyes uplifted like the moon's reflection and drowning tim. He glanced hurriedly at them, and was | into his; closer and closer till their hearts stop beating and their lips have met in a first kiss. Faster, O little feet! swing clear, O Cressy's skirt and keep the narrowing circle back! They are again alone; the judges' dais and the emblazoning of the State caught in a single whirlcovers her fair head. There is the murmur of voices mingling two lives in one. They turn and pass proudly down between the aisles of wondering festal faces. Ah! the circle is drawing closer. One more quick whirl to keep them back, O flying skirt and deinty-winged feet! Too late! The music stops. The tawdry walls shut in again, the vulgar crowds return, they stand pale and quiet, the center of a ring of breathless, admiring, fright-

ened, or forbidding faces. Her arms fold like wings at her side. The waltz is over. A shrill feminine chorus assail her with praises, struck here and there with a metalic ring of envy; a dozen all-daring cavaliers, made reckless by her grace and beauty, clamor for her hand in the next waltz. She replies, not to them, but to him, "Not again," and slips away in the crowd with that strange new shyness that of all her transformations seems the most delicious. Yet so conscious are they of their mutual passion that they do not miss each other, and he turns away as if their next meeting were already an appointed tryst. A few congratulate bim on his skill. Johnny's paragon looks after him curtously; certain elders shake hands with him perplexedly, as if not quite sure of the professional consistency of his performance. Those charming tide-waiters on social success, the fair, artfully mingling expectation with compliment, only extract from him the laughing statement that this one waltz was the single exception allowed him from the rule of his professional conduct, and he refers them to his elder critics. A single face, loutish, looming and vindictive, stands ont among the crowd-the face of Seth Davis. He had not seen him since be left the school; he had forgotten his existence; even now he only remembered his successor, Joe Masters, and he looked curiously around to see if that later suitor of Cressy's was present. ing faces to his. Their eves met in an isolation | It was not until he reached the door that he began to think seriously of Seth Davis's jealous face, and was roused to a singular indignation. "Why hadn't this great fool vented his jealousy the openly compromising Masters,

he thought. He even turned and walked

spectators in the doorway. Why might not Uncle Ben be jealous, toof and if his single waltz had really appeared so compromising, why should not Cressy's father object? But both men-albeit, McKinstry usually exhibited a vague, unreasoning contempt for Uncle Benwere unanimous in their congratulations and outspoken admiration.

"When I see'd you sail in, Mr. Ford," said Uncle Ben, with abstract reflectiveness, "I sez to the fellers, 'lie low, boys, and you'll see style.' And when you put on them first steps, I sez, 'that's French-the latest high-toned French style-outer the best masters, and-and outer the best books. For why? sez I. 'It's the same long, sliding stroke you see in his copies. There's that long up sweep, and that easy curve to the right, with no hitch. That's the sorter swing he hez in readin' po'try. too. That's why it's called the po'try of motion,' sez I. 'And you ken bet your boots, boys, it's all in the trainin' o' educa-

"Mr. Ford," said Mr. McKinstry gravely, slightly waving a lavender-colored kid glove, with which he had elected to conceal his maimed hand, and at the same moment indicate a festal occasion; "I hev to thank ye for the way you took out that child o' mine, like ez she woz an ontried filly, and put her through her paces. I don't dance myself, partikly in that gait-which I take to be suthin' betwixt a lope and a canter -and I don't get to see much dancin' nowadays on account o' bein' worrited by stock, but seein' you two together just now, suthin' came over me, and I don't think I ever felt so kam in my

The blood rushed to the master's cheek with an unexpected consciousness of guilt and shame. "But," he stammered awkwardly, "your daugher dances beautifully hersell; she has certainly had practice.

"That," said McKinstry, laying his gloved band impressively on the master's shoulder, with the empty little finger still more emphasized by being turned backward in the act; "that may be ez it ez, but I wanted to gay that it was the simple, easy, fammily touch that you gev it, that took me. Toward the end, when you kinder gathered her up and she sorter drooped her head into your breast-pocket, and seemed to go to sleep, like ez ef she was still a little girl, it so reminded me of the times when I used to tote her myself walkin' by the waggin at Platt river, that it made me wish the old woman was here to see it."

Still coloring, the master cast a rapid, sidelong glance at McKinstry's dark red face and beard, but in the slow satisfaction of his features there was no trace of that irony which the master's self-consciousness knew. "Then your wife is not here?" said Mr. Ford abstractedly. "She war at church. She reckoned that I'd do to look arter Cressy-she bein', so to speak,

under conviction. D'ye mind walkin' this way a bit; I want to speak a word with yel" He put his maimed band through the master's arm, after his former fashion, and led him to a

"Did ye happen to see Seth Davis about yer!" "I believe I saw him a moment ago," returned Mr. Ford, half contemptuously. "Did he get off anythin' rough on ye!" "Certainly not," said the master, haughtily.

"Why should he dare?" "That's so," said Mckinstry, meditatively. You had better keep right on in that line. That's your gait, remember. Leave him-or his father-it's the same thing-to me. Don't you let yourself be roped into this yer row betwixt me and the Davises. You ain't got no call to do it. It's already been on my mind your bringin' that gun to me in the Harrison row. The woman hadn't oughter let you -nor Cress either. Hark to me, Mr. Ford! I reckon to stand between you and both the Davises till the cows come home-only, mind you give him the go-by when he happens to meander along towards you. "I am very much obliged to you," said Ford

don't propose to alter my habits for a ridiculous school-boy whom I have dismissed." The unjust and boyish petulance of his speech instantly flashed upon him, and he felt his cheek burn McKinstry regarded him with dull, red, slum-

with disproportionately sudden choler: "but I

brous eyes. "Don't you go to lose your best holt, Mr. Ford, and that's kam. Keep your kam-you've allus got the dead wood on Injiu Springs. I ain't got it," he continued, in his slowest, most passionless manner, "and a row more or less ain't much account to me-but you. you keep your kam." He paused, stepped back, and regarding the master, with a slight wave of his crippled hand over his whole person, as if indicating some personal adornment, said: "It

He nodded, turned and re-entered the ballroom. Mr. Ford, without trusting himself to further speech, elbowed his way through the crowded staircase to the street. But even there his strange anger, as well as the equally strange | had she come there! Had they seen him arrive. remorse, which had seized him in Mckinstry's and were mischievously watching him? But the presence seemed to evaporate in the sound of Cressy's voice and the lifting of the unclear moonlight and soft summer Bir. There was the river bank, with the tremulous river glancing through the dreamy mist, as they had seen it from the win- aside. Tave, take him over to you fence and ing lips. Then they separated, he unlocking the

dow together. He even turned to look back on the lighted ball-room, as if she might have been looking out, too. But be knew he should see her again to-morrow, and he hurriedly put aside all reserve, all thought of the future, all examination of his conduct, to walk home enwrapped in the vaguer pleasure of the past. Rupert Filgee, to whom he had never given a second thought, now peacefully slumbering beside his baby brother, had not gone home in more foolish

When he reached the hotel, he was surprised

or more dangerous company.

to find it only 11 o'clock. No one had returned the building was deserted by all but the bar-keeper and a flirting chambermaid, who regarded him with aggrieved astonishment. He began to feel very foolish, and half regretted that he had not stayed to dance with Mrs. Tripp; or, at least. remained as a quiet onlooker apart from the others. With a hasty excuse about returning to write letters for the morning's post, he took a candle and slowly remounted the stairs to his room. But on entering he found himself unprepared for that singular lack of sympathy which familiar haunts always greet our new experiences; he could hardly believe that he had left that room only two hours before; it seemed so uncongenial and strange to the sensation that was still possessing him. Yet there were his table, his books, his arm-chair, his bed as he had left them; even a sickly fragment of gingerbread that had fallen from Johnny's pocket. He had not yet reached that stage of absorbing passion where he was able to put the loved one in his own surroundings; she as yet had no place in this quiet room; he could scarcely think of her here, and he must think of her, if he had to go elsewhere. An extravagant idea of walking the street until his restless dream was over seized him, but even in his folly the lackadaisical, moonstruck quality of such a performance was too obvious. The school-house! He would go there; it was only a pleasant walk, the night was lovely, and he own in passionate shadow. "Listen," she said could bring the myrtle spray from his desk. It was too significant now-if not too preciousto be kept there. Perhaps he had not examined it closely, nor the place where it had lain; there might be an additional sign, word or token he had overlooked. The thought thrilled him, even while he was calmly arguing to himself that it was an instinct of caution. The air was quieter and warmer than usual

though still characteristic of the locality in its dry, dewiese clarity. The grass was yet warm from the day-long sun, and when he entered the pines that surrounded the school-house, they had scarcely lost their spicey heat. The moon, riding high, filled the dark aisles with a delicious twilight that lent itself to his waking dreams. It was not long before to-morrow; he could easily manage to bring her here in the grove at recess, and would speak with her there. It did not occur to him what he should say, or why be should say it; it did not occur to him that he had no other provocation than her eyes, her conscious manner, her eloquent silence, and her admission that she had expected him. It did not occur to him that all this was inconsistent with what he knew of her antecedents, her character, and her habits. It was this very inconsistency that charmed and convinced him. We are always on the lookout for these miracles of passion. We may doubt the genuineness of an affection that is first hand, but never one that is transferred.

He approached the school-house and unlocking the door closed it behind him, not so much to keep out human intrusion as the invasion of tats and squirrels. The nearly vertical moon, while it perfectly lit up the playground and opening in the pines around the house, left the interior in darkness, except the reflection upon the ceiling from the shining gravel without. Partly from a sense of precaution and partly because he was familiar with the position of the benches, he did not strike a light, and reached his own desk unerringly, drew his chair before it and unlocked it, groped in its dark recess for the myrtle spray, felt its soft silken binding with an electrical thrill, drew it out, and in the security of the darkness, raised it to his lips. To make room for it in his breast pocket he was obliged to take out his letters-among them the well worn one he had tried to read that morning. A mingling of pleasure and remorse came over him as he felt that it was already of the past, and as he dropped it carelessly into the empty basket it fell with a faint, hollow

sound as if it were ashes to ashes. What was that? The noise of steps upon the gravel, light laughter, the moving of two or three shadows on the ceiling, the sound of voices, a man's, a child's,

Could it be possible! Was not be mistaken! No! the man's voice was Masters's, the child's, Octavia's; the woman's, hers. He remained silent in the shadow. The school room was not far from the trail where she would have to pass going home from the ball. But why protected window near the door convinced him

"There, that'll do. Now you two can step

keep him there till I get in. No-thank you, sir-I can assist myself. I've done it before. It ain't the first time I've been through this window, is it, "Tave?"

Ford's heart stopped beating. There was a moment of laughing expostulation, the sound of | excitement, was heard calling to her companions. retreating voices, the sudden darkening of the window, the billowy sweep of a skirt, the faint, quick flash of a little ankle, and Cressy McKinstry swung herself into the room and dropped lightly on the floor.

She advanced eagerly up the moonlit passage between the two rows of benches. Suddenly she stopped; the master rose at the same moment with outstretched warning hand to check the cry of terror he felt sure would rise to ber lips. But he did not know the lazy nerves of the girl before him. She nttered no outerv. And even in the dim faint light he could soe only the same expression of conscious understanding come over her face that he had seen in the ball-room, mingled with a vague joy that parted her breathless lips. As he moved quickly forward, their hands met; she caught his with a quick, significant pressure, and darted back

to the window. "Oh, 'Taye!" (very languidly.)

"You two had better wait for me at the edge of the trail yonder, and keep a lookout for folks going by. Don't let them see you hanging round so near. Do you hear? I'm all right." With her hand still meaningly lifted, she stood gazing at the two figures until they slowly receded toward the distant trail. Then she turned as he approached her, the reflection of the moonlit road striking up into her shining eyes and eager-waiting face. A dozen questions were upon his lips, a dozen replies were ready upon hers. But they were pever uttered, for the next moment her eyes half closed, she leaned forward and fell-into a kiss. She was the first to recover, holding his face in her hands, turned toward the moonlight, her

high fun to come with me-these two. I did come to look for something-not in my desk. but yours." "Was it this?" he whispered, taking the myrtle from his breast. She seized it, with a light cry. putting it first to ber lips and then to his. Then, clasping his face again between her soft palms, she turned it to the window and said: "Look at

quickly; "they think I came here to look for

something I left in my desk. They thought it

them and not at me." He did so-seeing the two figures slowly walking in the trail. And holding her there firmly against his breast, it seemed a blasphemy to ask the question that had been upon his lips. "That's not all," she murmured, moving his face backwards and forwards to her lips, as if it were something to which she was giving breath. "When we came to the woods, I felt that you would be here." "And feeling that, you brought him?" said Ford, drawing back. "Why not!" she replied indolently. "Even if he had seen you, I could have managed to have you walk home with me." But do you think its quite fair! Would he

"Would he like ut" she echoed lazily. "Cressy," said the young man earnestly gazing into her shadowed face. "Have you given him any right to object? Do you understand She stopped as if thinking. "Do you want to call him in!" she said quietly, but without the

least trace of archness or coquetry. "Would

you rather he were here-or shall we go out now

like it?"

and meet him? I'll say you just came as I was "What should he say. Cressy!" he asked almost curtly. "Do you love me!" It seemed such a ridiculous thing to ask holding her thus in his arms, if it were true; it seemed such a villainous question if it were not. "I think I loved you when you first came," she said slowly. "It must have been that that made me engage myself to him," she added simply. "I knew I loved you and thought only of you when I was away. I came back because I loved you. I loved you the day you came to see Maw -even when I thought you came to tell her of Masters, and to say that you couldn't take me

"But you don't ask me if I love you?" "But you do--you couldn't help it now," she said confidently.

What could he do but reply as illogically with closer embrace, albeit a slight tremor, as if a cold wind had blown across the open window. passed over him. She may have felt it, too, for she presently said, "Kiss me and let me go." "But we must have a longer talk, darling when-when-others are not waiting." "Do you know the far barn near the boundary?" she asked.

"I used to take your books there, afternoons, to-to-be with you," she whispered, "and paw gave orders that no one was to come nigh it while I was there. Come to morrow, just before sundown." A long embrace followed, in which all that they had not said seemed, to them at least, to become articulate on their tremulous and cling-

door softly to give her egress that way. She caught up a book from a desk in passing, and then slipped like a rosy shaft of the coming dawn across the fading moonlight, and a moment after her slow voice, without a tremor of TO BE CONTINUED.

SCARING THE INDIANS.

A New Use for Roman Candles Discovered

by a Book Agent. Book Agent, in Omaba Herald. About eight years ago I carried a pack of novelties, such as you frequently see exhibited on the street corners and presided over by a sunburnt Italian. With another man and s young fellow of eighteen, I travelled through Kausas to the Colorado line, selling and trading our wares to the Indians for anything marketable in the cities. About the time of our arrival in the western part of Kansas the memorable Indian outbreak was terrorizing the country. From the south and the west came reports of the terrible outrages perpetrated by the Indians and greasers. Houses were burned, the inmates were killed instantly, or tortured to death, and all the cattle were driven off and scattered. You may be sure I felt considerable solicitude concerning the safety of my little party, and took extra precautions to find secluded spots when camping. Of course, under the conditions, I deemed it advisable to get out of the neighborhood immediately. To do so we found it necessary to pass through the country most likely to be infested with straggling bands of Indians. Despite the risks we determined to make the attempt. After a long, hard day's tramp we encamped for the night in one of those mail canyons so prevalent in western Kansas. It was an excellent place, too. Our backs were effectually protected by a natural cave in the side of the bank, the entrance to which was concealed by brush and tall grass. Sam, the boy of the party, was an unusually bright young fellow, and very familiar with the tactics of Indian warfare. Just before lying down I noticed him untying a good-sized bundle of sticks resembling short broom-handles. He placed them within easy reach and tumbled down to sleep. I had noticed him fumbling around the bushes a short time before, but didn't po ich attention to his actions. The other fel. concluded not to set a guard, as ere in such an excellent place. I don't know w long we had slept when we were awakened by Sam shaking us slightly and whispering:

"Be quick, now, the indians are getting ready to slip in on us." By this time we were both wide awake and ready with our rifles. "Listen," whispered Sam, "hear the dirty scamps sneaking up. Put down the rifles; I've got something better.

He handed us each four of the sticks men

tioned, remarking:

"Them's Roman candles. I've got a pile of whoppers along, and I think we can scare those scamps clean out of their hides. I caught the idea in a moment and strained my ears to listen for further demonstrations from the attacking party. We could hear them creeping here and there through the bushes, scarcely making a noise, but easily distinguished in the stillness of the night.

"Now," whispered Sam, "take two in each hand and I'll light them." Suiting the action to the word, he contrived to light them in rapid succession. Then he turned them into the bushes, and, heavens! what a sight was revealed as the candles flashed. About fifty villainous-looking savages and greasers were stooping and creeping toward us. At the first flash they stopped as if spell-bound. We turned them so the green and white bails would strike them in their faces. The candles were tremendous affairs, and eight or ten of them popping away independent of human aid was enough to terrorize any one. Our assailants wavered a moment, then with a terrible yell bounded away toward bigh ground as if the devil himself was in pursuit. We could hear them scramble up the hillside, mount their horses and gallop away. Sam afterward explained that he had brought the candles along as a side speculation, and he also explained that he had arranged a system of strings among the bushes so that no one could approach very close without meeting the obstruction and alarming

## It Wasn't Necessary.

him. It is needless to state that we reached

safe ground in due time without further moles-

"Mr. Trockmorton," said the father of the family, entering the room while the young man was waiting for Miss Fiora, "you have been frequenting this place for about four years, haven't

"Y-yes, sir," replied Mr. Trockmorton, somewhat in doubt as to the bearings of the remark, "I-I live in this place, you know." "Well," pursued the old gentleman, "don't you think it is about time for you to declare

your intentions?" "Declare my intentional" echoed the astonished young man, "why. Mr. Millsap, I don't have to. I'm a legal voter. I was born in this THE GREAT SOUTHERN TORTOISE

How He Digs His Tannels and Disposes of the Excavated Earth in His Rear. Letter in Popular Science Monthly. Here and there, but rarely perhaps in one amid a hundred of these mounds, we find the place where the reptile entered the ground. This opening is at once seen to be quite separate in character from the mounds which first at-

tract the eye. It consists of a clearly defined tunnel, the sides commonly somewhat smooth and compacted by the energy with which the body of the creature has been driven through it. The passage inclines steeply downward, descending at the outset at an angle of from twenty to thirty degrees, then turning, at the depth of two or three feet, to a more horizontal position. On the surface, a little beyond this entrance, is a heap of debris, which consists of the sand taken from this passage. A few feet in from the opening the passage appears to be closed by loose material which was not ejected from the mouth of the tunnel. Although I have been unable to catch these tortoises at work, I have succeeded by tolerably safe inferences in tracing their method of operation. When they begin the burrow they endeavor at once to penetrate downward to the level in which they obtain their food. At the outset they manage, by frequently backing out of the passage and thrusting the earth behind them in their retreat, to clear a considerable opening. When they have advanced a few feet in the excavation they cease to discharge the material excavated; in their advance, but thrust it behind them and leave it lying in the chamber, which it entirely closes. With vided, the gophers are able to advance through the earth for the distance of some yards; but as the earth, compacted by its own weight, by the pressure exercised through the expansion of roots and the action of the rain, occupies less space than the same material loosened in the progress of the burrow, they soon become hampered in their movements. They then turn toward the surface and continue the excavation upward until they have attained very nearly to the open air, They then use the great strength which they clearly possess to thrust a quantity of the burrowed material upward until it rises above the surface in the form of a cone, and by the space in the burrow thereby gained they are able to go a few feet further in their torturous line of advance, when they must again seek to discharge a portion of the earth in the manner just -

REPTILE AND BULL,

Desperate Fight Between Two Pythons and a Buil, in Which All Are Worsted. Natal (South Africa) Witness.

Last Sunday week one of the most remarkable scenes on record is reported as baving been witnessed in the vicinity of Table mountain. A troop of cattle, consisting of twelve cows and a patriarchal old buil, were grazing on one of the plateau-like spurs of the mountain, which is surrounded on three sides by precipitous ravines and on the fourth side, that nearest the mountain, by dense bush. Some natives higher up the mountain were attracted by the sudden bellowing of the cattle, and saw two enormous pythons coming out of the bush and making for the cattle, which had drawn themselves up in a compact group, the bull at its head. As the pythons drew near the animals gradually backed till they stood on a small space that jutted out over a tremendous precipies. At this stage a sudden rush was made, but only one beifer succeeded in escaping. The other cattle, lowing in the most piteous manner, gradually backed, and one by one fell over the precipice till finally only the bull was left. He suddenly charged at the biggest python, transfixing the reptile on his horn, but the second snake seized the bull in its folds and, having its tail around a hurs bowlder, commenced to crush the bull, which, monning piteously, struggled frantically to escape. The tail of the python lost its bold of the rock, but the larger snake, which had slipped off the horn, lapping its tall around a smaller bowlder opposite the one the other snake had just released, seized the bull and compressed the animal in its scaly folds. The other python succeeded in regaining its former position and the bull was literally suspended in mid-air by the snakes. The whole scene looked like some ghastly triumphal arch. The snakes were evidently getting the best of the poor brute which was bleeding profusely, when, by a sudden effort, his struggles forced both reptiles to loose their holds of the rocks, and the whole three were hurled into the ravine beneath. The cattle were found on the first leage of the precipice, all being dead, but the bull and pythone had bounded from ledge to ledge, and were found 400 feet below the scene of the fight. The bull was merely a mangle mass, and the anakes were greatly mutilat the larger one having the vertebrae broken pine places. The pythons, which were of rock species, were male and female, and

ured respectfully 40 feet 3 inches, and 36 ]